

Gamers
Prologue 05-10-12

By

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EXT. GARBAGE WASTELAND - DAY

A pair of tightly laced boots make their way through a landscape of garbage. The WOMAN who wears them strides with a purpose. She is weary, but not about to stop anytime soon.

If the ground is toxic, the air must be, too. The woman is clad in makeshift protective clothing. Her gloves have long cuffs which are laced right into her sleeves. Her hair is exposed, but pulled into a braid. Around her mouth is a breathing mask. Her eyes are obscured by high-tech goggles with LED lights that give her eyes an alien look.

The woman reaches the crest of a hill and pauses. The world is a dull orange. A city stands in the hazy distance. Not a creature in sight... except...

She touches a button on the side of her goggles. A digitized image zooms and comes into focus on another solitary figure, miles away, also moving toward the city.

Hitting the button again resets her vision. The woman is about to move on when she hears a soft noise. She stops cold and looks around warily. Nothing but garbage.

She proceeds toward the city.

EXT. CULVERT - DAY